

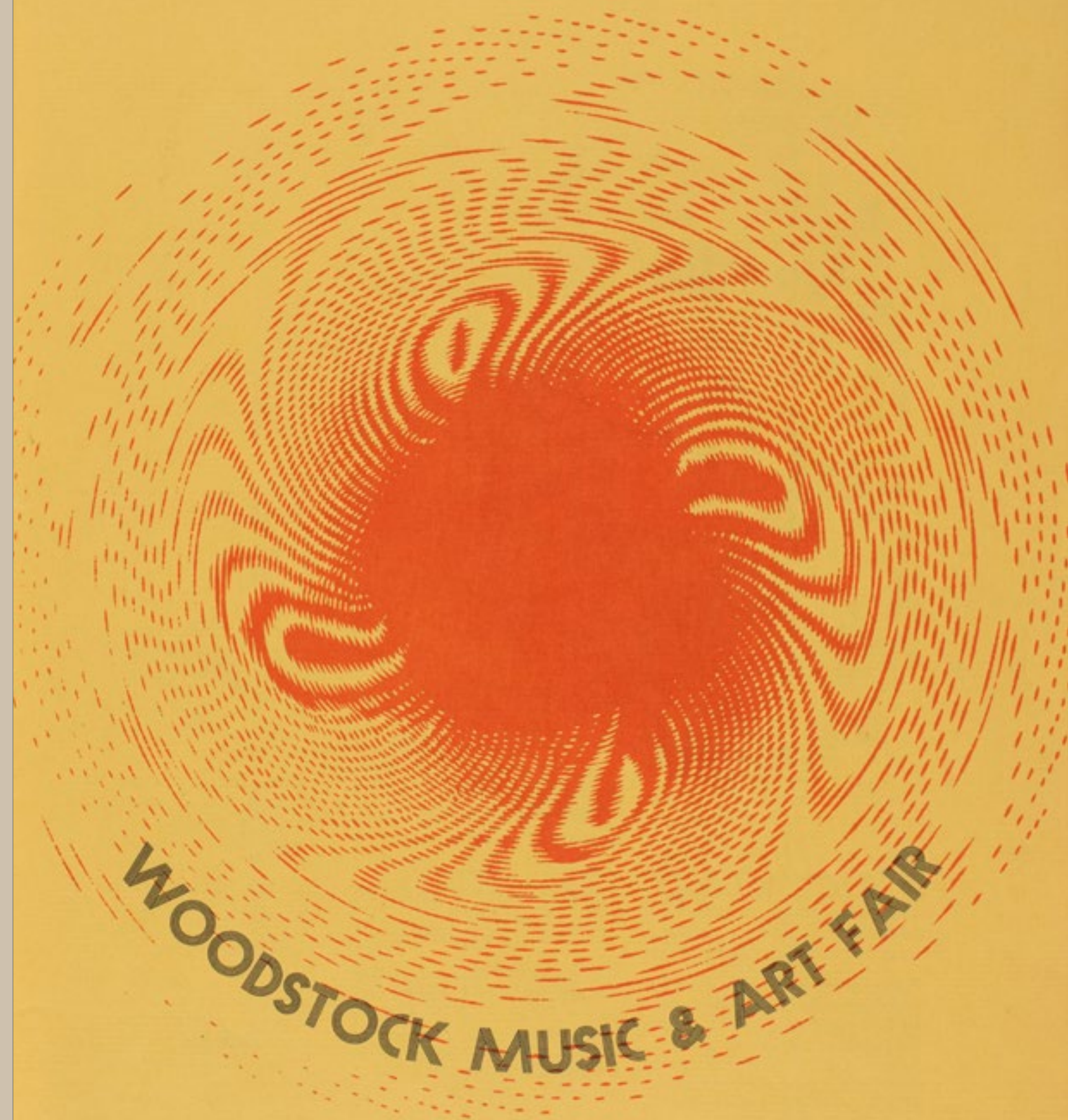


3 days of peace & music

AQUARIAN EXPOSITION



WOODSTOCK MUSIC & ARTS



WOODSTOCK MUSIC & ART FAIR



WORDS: NO TITLE

Bennett Sims

Well, they're after you. As usual. But then you know how they are. Watching for the past few years, you've heard them get louder and louder as they get more nervous—hell, not nervous, frantic.

The problem is that they can't pin you down. Can't put you on a slide, under glass, engraved in a Roman-numeral plate in a text book. "You will note on Plate DXLX a new type of American with outstanding characteristics . . ." But the plate is blank.

Because? You "don't communicate".

You? Don't communicate?

Well, you're a non-verbal generation". To you, "words are dead."

How about this word: bullshit.

You see—and they don't, perhaps they never will, perhaps they can't—There's a new language. See, you created it. Shaped it into something that works today—something that stands a chance of working tomorrow.

It's a language made of words—

made of gestures, of chords, of single-line melodies, colors, pictures, feelings, visions, and—always—vibrations. If they could watch, they would see that . . . If they would listen, they would hear that . . .

It's the back of a stereo system. All those input/output plugs, speaker A, speaker B, tape 1, tape 2, earphones, record, playback, auxiliary, and . . . and . . .

And Janis clicking her heels, stamping her feet, belting "Ball and Chain"—a book. Each click, a word; each stamp, a word. A paragraph.

And Eldridge raising a spread hand, then balling it into a fist and the strength, the hate, the love, the pain, even the glint of laughter in his eyes, in the set of his body—how many words? How many books? How much

history, yesterdays, tomorrows, written all over him. Written.

And a long, slow, endless tracking shot, slow along a line of cars in Godard's WEEKEND, slow until we come to the end of the traffic jam, the accident at the end of the traffic jam, all without a word—without a word, a shelf of books about this world, volumes about ourselves.

A new language. An infinity of inputs/outputs. A language they don't believe because they can't hear the words. Because? Well, perhaps they don't have the inputs—or the outputs.

A "non-verbal generation?" Books just around now—by Janis Ian, Jim Kumea, Dotson Rader, Abby Hoffman, Richard Fariña, Richard Goldstein, Eldridge Cleaver, Julius Lester, Richard Brautigan, Ishmael Reed (enough?). Writers—writers are all that count—like Bob Dylan, John Phillips, Paul Simon, Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell (enough?). And writers they read in a frantic hope to find what's happening like Bob Christgau, Tom Nolan, Jeff Shero, Ellen Willis, Paul Williams, John Lahr, Jon Landau (enough?).

A "non-verbal generation" Who taught them what Hobbits are (and how much money did they make from the learning?) Who discovered STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND? Who uncovered Norman O. Brown? THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT? Kurt Vonnegut? William Burroughs? Alan Watts? Books you found. Then—after that time-lag it takes for them to understand, to understand a part of what you see—they begin the critical analysis to explain what you've always sensed. Your "blind eyes see so much deeper . . . further . . . into tomorrow. Words.

Words for a "non-verbal generation". Now—saving the best for last—who found them the prophet of a world without words? Who discovered the books (think a moment: books) of Marshall McLuhan?

Yet, they read MacLuhan and don't see the formulation of a language. All they see are words. Just one input/output. Only one when its really . . .

Lenny Bruce walking slowly onto a club floor. The black, high collared suit. Saying something. Silent, gesturing, reaching for the mike, smiling. Still silent. Still saying something.

Frame after frame of EASY RIDER. The bikes speeding across America. Music in the background. No dialogue. Just pictures and music. But an atlas, a geography book, a tour guide, a critical analysis of America today in a ten minute volume (and how many volumes in one film).

The Chambers Brothers at Fillmore East doing "Time". Fast. Slow. Slower. Time stops. Time becomes a wordy/wordless feeling. Time as a black revolution. Malcolm doing time.

Eldridge doing time. Huey Newton doing time. How many books about time?

How many cookbooks have you written like the one for those that hunger after smoking some dope?

How many plays like the one called "Dealing with the Power Structure?" (How many roles do you act in that one? How much dialogue do you construct?)

They don't see the words as Blood, Sweat and Tears plays Satie.

They don't see the words in a scarf. A revolution in a body-shirt. An encyclopedia in the frames of glasses.

They don't see the words in a drum solo. The words in a word: "later". The words in a word: "high". The words is sun breaking into morning. Brown rice. Roses. Namath arching a long pass. A bottle of Southern Comfort. Elephant bells. Smiles. Surf. And all the collected literature of mankind in making love. Love. And all the collected philosophy of mankind in a hate of hunger. War. Humiliation. A love of love.

You have created a language made of everything you do. You communicate in a million ways. As you speak from everything, you speak of everything. You have found a freedom in a language of style and substance beyond the freedoms their words have ever allowed them to dream. You are the most "verbal" generation man has known.

Jean-Luc Godard once wrote: "People are not content when they see reality. They are not content because they are always attached to what went before. They say no, that this is not the way reality is. They do not want to see it the way it really is, in its poetry."

They do not want to see it, to believe it, to speak of it the way it really is. You do. That poetry is your language. An understanding of yesterday. A communication of today. A view of tomorrow. A pride of forever. Speaking. Listening. You.

POSTAL BOX EX

"We gather together

To ask the Lord's blessing

He chastens and hastens His Will
to make known

• The wicked oppressing now cease
from distressing

Sing praises to His name

He forgets not His own."

Howdy friend. What are we
doing here?

That's not a question I promise to
answer, 'cause I'm not even here
yet—though I will be. These
program booklets have to be
prepared and printed up at least
a few weeks in advance, and so
I'm just sitting at home at my
typewriter wondering what you
and I will have to say to each
other when we actually get
together.

I may be standing behind you.

I love you. We're here, I think,
to be together—the music is a
large part of our celebration, but
it isn't what we're celebrating.

That joy we feel is unlocked by
the music & dancing bodies &
smiling faces, but it isn't any gift
from outside, each one of us
carried it here in his own personal
heart, hoping for a chance to be
joyous with friends . . . I hope it's
happening. I know it's happening.
"You were only waiting for this
moment to arise."

We're here to learn to fly. We
need each other's support. "Any
day now . . ." This is a political
event. An Aquarian convention.
Politics is supposed to be stuff
that shapes the world we live in
together—thousands of people
feeling good together is the
strongest political statement that
can be made at this time, it is the
affirmation of life, here we are,
we're alive! And it leaves
absolutely no doubt as to what
sort of a world we want ours
to be.

We are here to have fun, aren't
we? If you came to this festival
for any other reason, don't you
feel a little silly just now? What's
happening here is not just the

release of music into the air, that's
only being done by a few people
if you mean by music what comes
through an amplifier, what's
happening here is the release of
energy and every last one of us is
taking part. It feels good, yes?
"If you smile at me, I will
understand . . ." That's the politics
of ecstasy. Tim Leary could
outsmile Richard Nixon with both
hands tied behind his back.
President Dick would never agree
to the contest. He needs a hand
free for The Button.

I love rock music, it makes me feel
alive, it lets me in on the secret
that I'm not alone in the world.
The *I Ching* says about rock
festivals: "The sacred music and
the splendor of the ceremonies
aroused a strong tide of emotion
that was shared by all hearts in
unison, and that awakened a
consciousness of the common
origin of all creatures. In this way
disunity was overcome and
rigidity dissolved. A further means
to the same end is co-operation in
great general undertakings that
set a high goal for the will of the
people; in the common
concentration on this goal, all
barriers dissolve."

"Gathering Together. Success.
The king approaches his temple."
Well, I assume that applies to all
of us. What we're doing here is
celebrating, and at the same time
we're checking each other out,
and what we see is a bunch of
fools rushing in where angels fear
to tread. And hooray for us;
we've been fearful angels too
long; we fools are the last great
hope of mankind, and I'm happy
to say we're going to make it.
Enjoy the festival, friends.

paul williams



Mail to: Record Show
Room 208
Warner/Reprise Records
Burbank, California 91503

Send the special albums checked below
to:

- ☐ A copy of *Record Show*. I enclose \$2.
☐ A copy of *Record Show* and *Songbook*.
I enclose \$4.

(Checks should be made payable to
Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records.)

This offer expires August 1, 1970.

28 Concerned Record Artists Join In Creating A Revolutionary New Album.

All of the artists pictured above — plus
such as Peter, Paul & Mary, Theodore
Bikel, Randy Newman, Bert Jansch, John
Renbourn, Sweetwater, Doug Kershaw,
Pearls Before Swine, and more — have
joined in a unique album project.
They have put together an extraordi-
nary double stereo album called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE
RECORD SHOW

Two records. Four sides. The very best
of what these artists are currently and
will be offering on Warner/Reprise
(which means that a lot of the stuff on the
album is, as of this writing, still unre-
leased — over a dozen tracks from up-
coming Warner/Reprise albums).

Under normal conditions, this two-
album set would sell for \$9.96.

But the artists in our *Record Show* are
not normal artists. They want their new
recordings heard. Widely. And to get that
done, they are willing to give up all their
royalties on this album. (Just as long as
Warner/Reprise doesn't make anything
either.)

So here's the deal: *The 1969 Warner/
Reprise Record Show* will only be sold by
mail (no middle man). Warner/Reprise
tosses in deluxe packaging. And you, the
record buyer (who we fervently hope will
be encouraged to pick up more of what
you hear at regular retail prices) can get

a copy of *Record Show* for the below cost
price of **TWO BUCKS**

Actually, this is a promotion in which
everybody wins. You get an extensive
taste of new Hendrix, new Pentangle, new
Jethro Tull, new Van Dyke Parks, new
Randy Newman, etc. The artists on *Rec-
ord Show*, and subsequently Warner/
Reprise, win some new friends.

We know this is how it works because
earlier this year we offered—a bit hesi-
tantly—the first of these revolutionary al-
bums. It was called



THE 1969 WARNER/REPRISE
SONGBOOK

This was also a two dollar, two record set,
with over 40 songs by 26 important artists
(including the first U.S. release of Jimi
Hendrix' "Red House," which subse-
quently turned up over the summer in his
best-selling *Smash Hits* album).

Songbook began as just a nice thing to
do for our friends. But the people who
got ahold of it wrote in to tell us differ-
ently:

**Really liked the records. Have since
purchased The Pentangle's *Sweet
Child* and The Everly Brothers' *Roots*.
Kindly send me five order forms for
friends. I hope you people do well.
You seem fairly straight.**

J.C.I.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

That was for *Songbook*. The *Record
Show* is even finer, deluxer, and more pro-
vocative.

WHAT TO EXPECT

Frankly, we don't plan on selling more
than a couple of thousand copies of *Rec-
ord Show*. Mostly because this offer
sounds too good to be true. And we know
that naturally suspicious people will prob-
ably pass this ad by.

Which is really a shame.
Because if you do mail in your \$2 (or
\$4 if you also want a copy of the earlier
and all-different *Songbook* set), you'll
soon have a collector's item on your pho-
nograph. (That concept we toss in for you
prestige-lovers.)

Each copy of *Record Show* has bound
into it a few pages of pictures and back-
ground about the artists on the album.
This way you'll learn the story behind
such nifties as

- JONI MITCHELL'S Carnegie Hall debut
(and hear some of it on *Record Show*).
- VAN DYKE PARKS' extraordinary Moog
synthesizer commercials for the 1970
Ice Capades (also on *Record Show*).
- Tracks from as yet unreleased albums
by FRANK ZAPPA, LORRAINE ELLI-
SON, THE KINKS . . .

We could, you realize, go on and on . . .

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The 28 artists in *Record Show* are con-
vinced you'll find their double album more
than you expected. We are, too. To try to
get on your good side and, possibly, move
more than two thousand albums, we
hereby offer you this (unnecessary) guar-
antee: If you don't find *Record Show*
worth every penny, return the album to us
within 10 days and we'll send you back
your two bucks.

Via air mail.

...every man shall eat in safety
under his own vine what he plants;
and sing
the merry songs of peace
to all his neighbors. *Shakespeare*



**If you think
Jefferson Airplane
has problems
with each other,
you should see
the problems
they have with us.**

They don't like the way we've messed with their album covers and liners.

They don't like the way we've supervised their lyrics and recordings.

They don't like the way we've hyped and promoted some of their singles.

They don't like the ads and commercials our advertising agency creates.

They figure we're just a big Establishment record company that sits up nights thinking up new ways to hassle them.

They're wrong.

All we're trying to do is get as much Jefferson Airplane to as much of the world as possible.

With as few hassles as possible for them, as well as for us. And that's the truth.

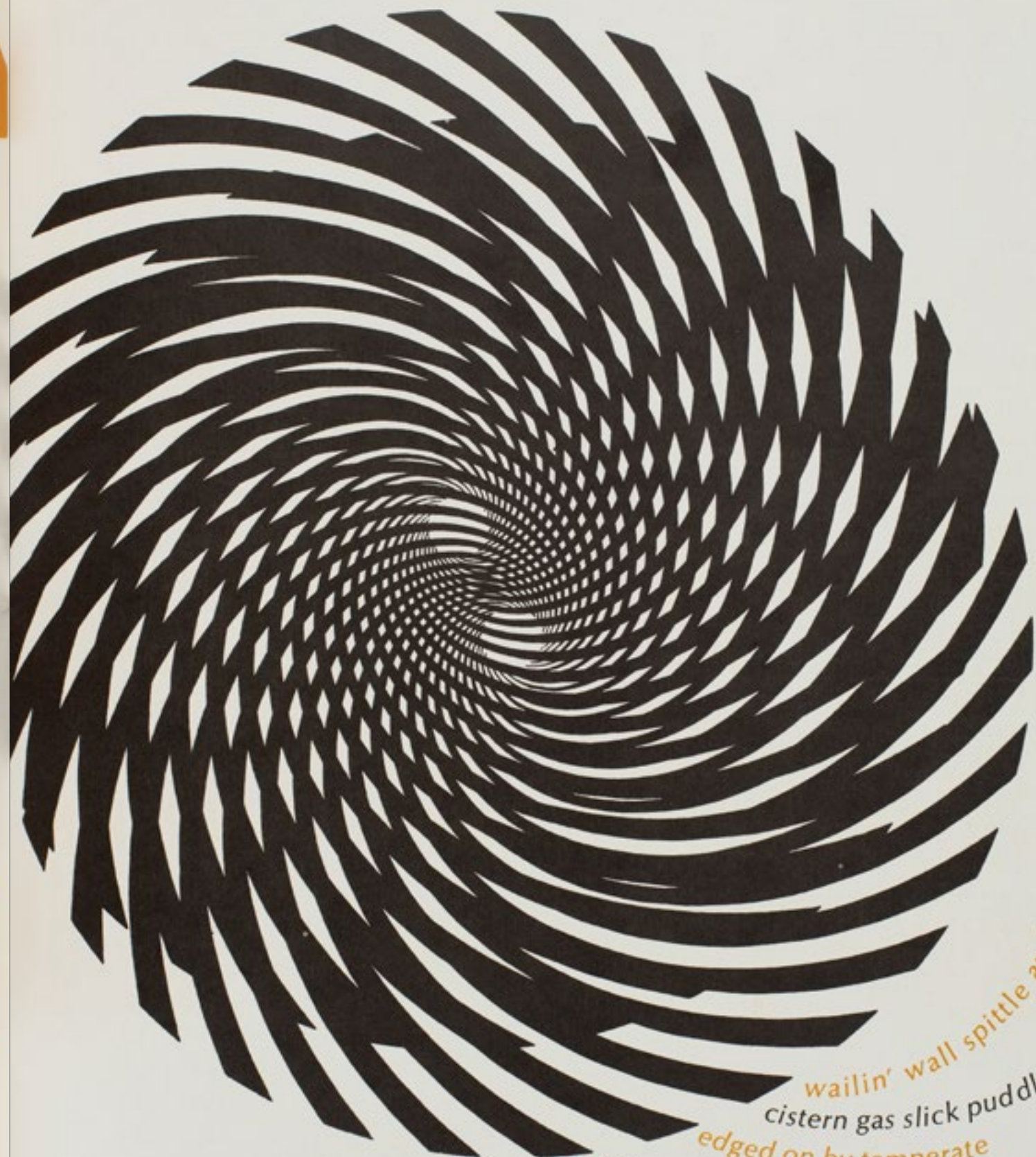
RCA

JOAN BAEZ


"would it embarass you if I told you I love you"
gadfly . . . big heart hopes from Joanie
in the land of milk and truncheons;
sorrowful sixties braced
by folky true steel beams . . . OVERCOME!



*Joan Baez
"Farewell, Angelina"

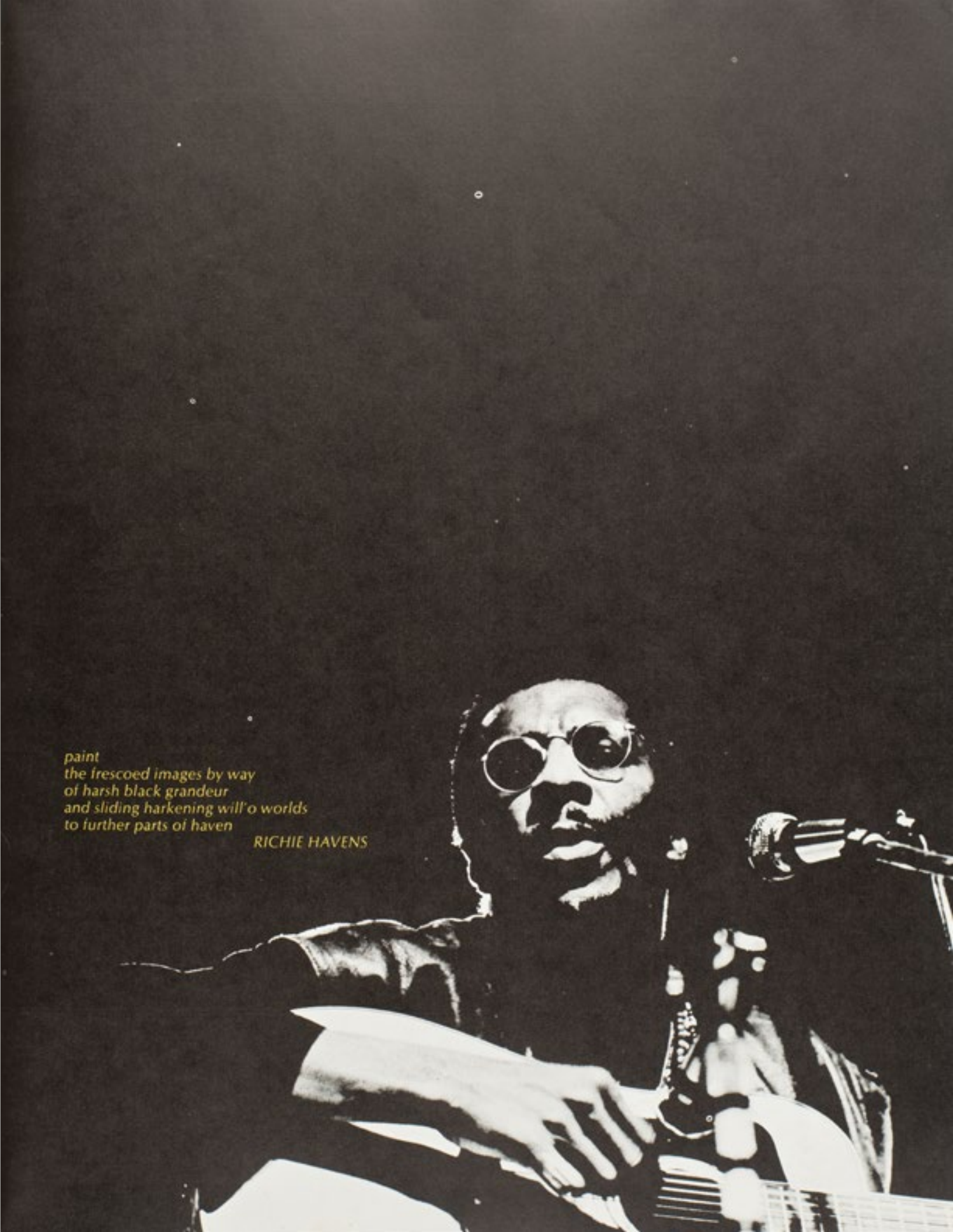


wailin' wall spittle and
cistern gas slick puddles
edged on by temperate
winds howlin' "give us a jam"
in strained petrol #C
for a glorious rough hewn alley echo . . . CANNED HEAT




Helplessly hoping
her harlequin hovers nearby
awaiting a word
Gasping at glimpses
of gentle free spirit he runs,
wishing he could fly.
Only to trip at the sound
of good-bye.*

*Crosby, Stills & Nash



paint
the frescoed images by way
of harsh black grandeur
and sliding harkening will'o worlds
to further parts of haven

RICHIE HAVENS



JANIS JOPLIN
with bourbon spot and jissom croak her
pebble throats
file teeth chewin' softly
on human streetcars called
NEED
and shaking, rolling into the
distance of your insides



Ravi Shankar

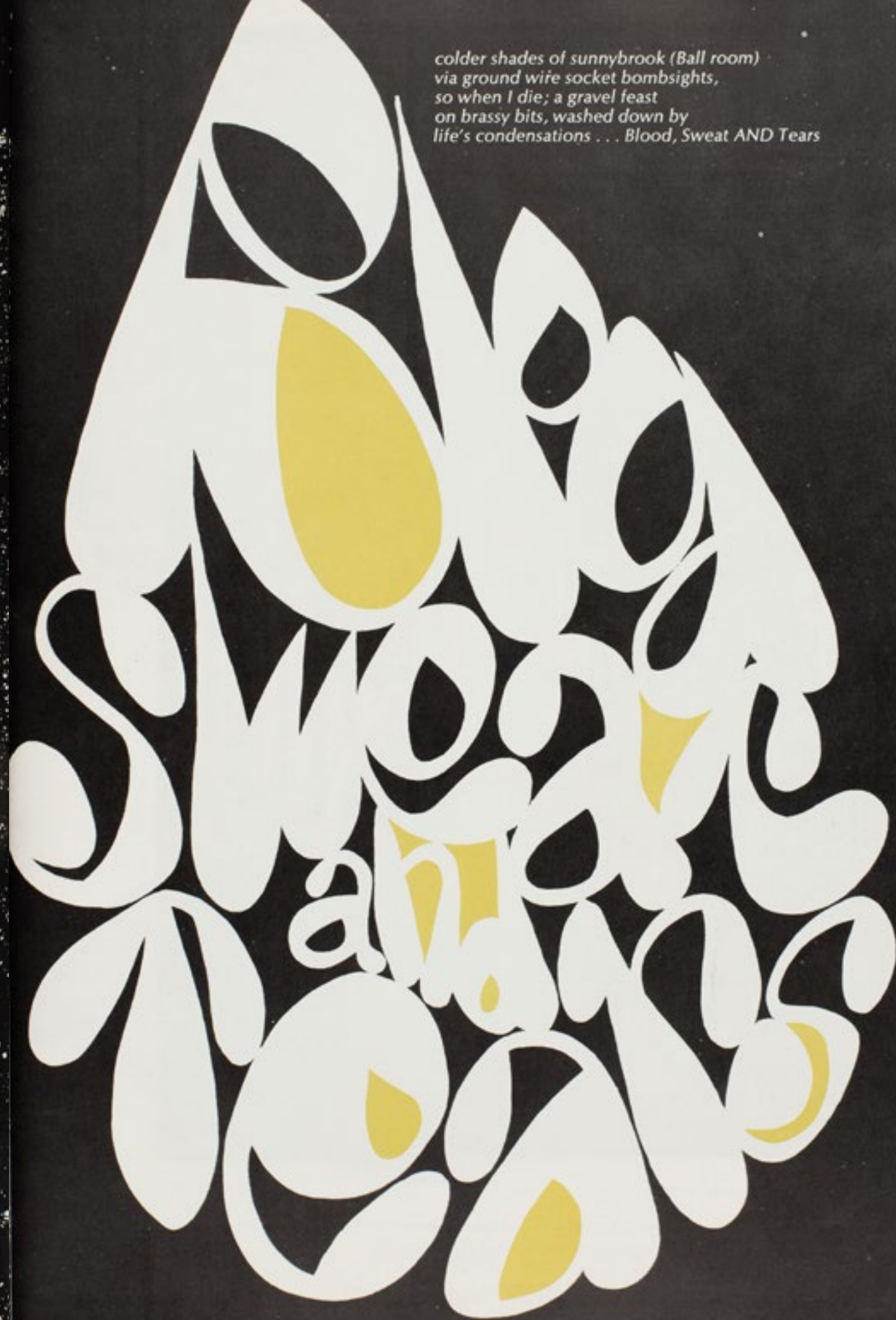
permeating karma, totally crimson vedic
 tabla tree roots by life's flow
 "Ranjayati iti Rage" . . . harrisonic
 mantra restructuring force





BERT SOMMER
super beautiful hair discovery, sensitive stringed
song creations—a renaissance reminiscence and thrash love

colder shades of sunnybrook (Ball room)
via ground wire socket bombsights,
so when I die; a gravel feast
on brassy bits, washed down by
life's condensations . . . Blood, Sweat AND Tears





steel and les paul bloody strings
 screech honky heavy man it's
 got to be told in fresh yardbird throw outs
 relished, garnished . . . good chewing gristle
 for sucking blues from deep bottles and
 handling blind date funk—you know it's the truth

JEFF BECK



worn corduroy funk strummer,
 creepingcreeping to the airmobile hangar to free
 the shadow machines that moan with the
 seventh sun at the red white and blue moon.

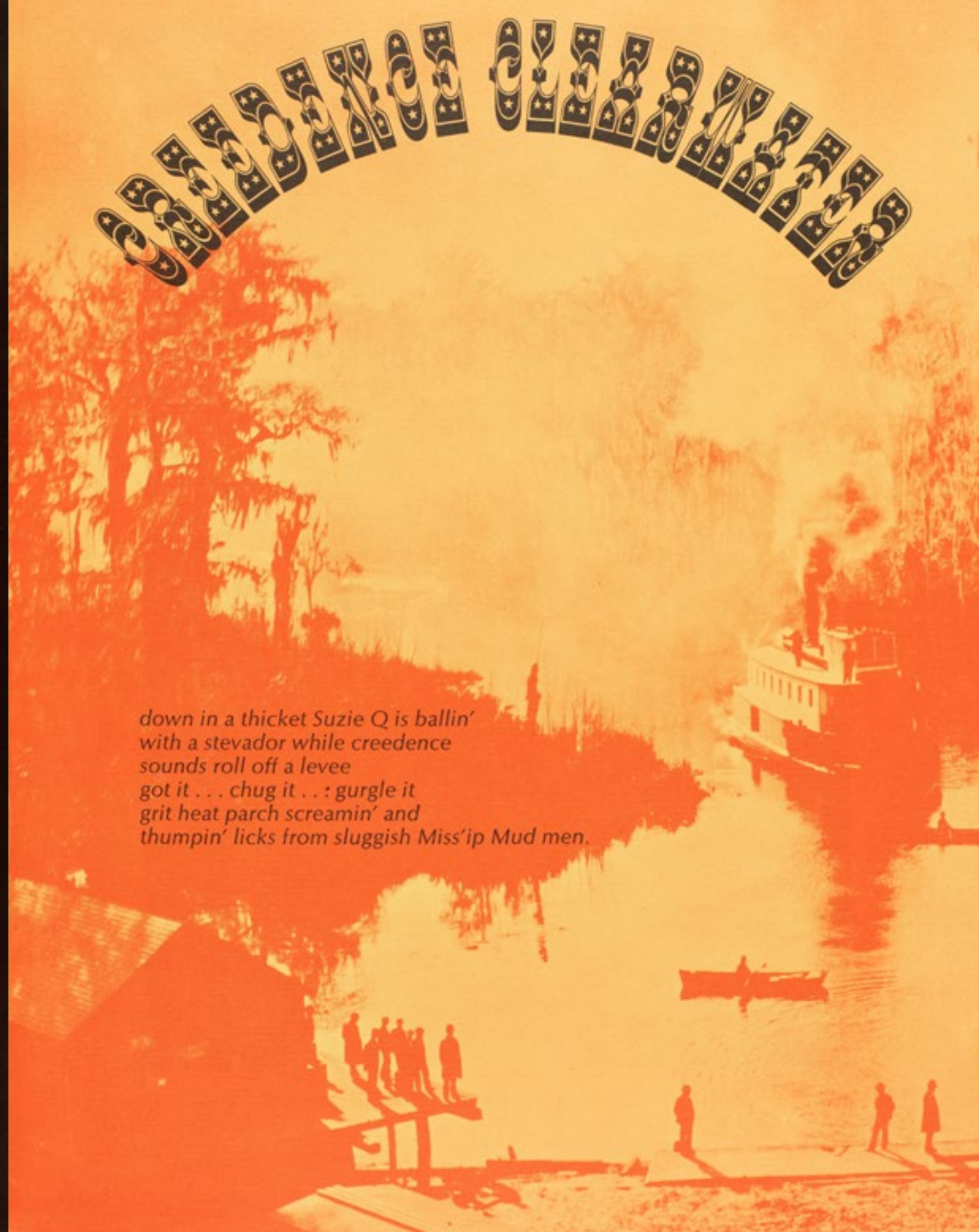
POPPY C. v. d. P.
Papaveraceae Timae Hardinaceae

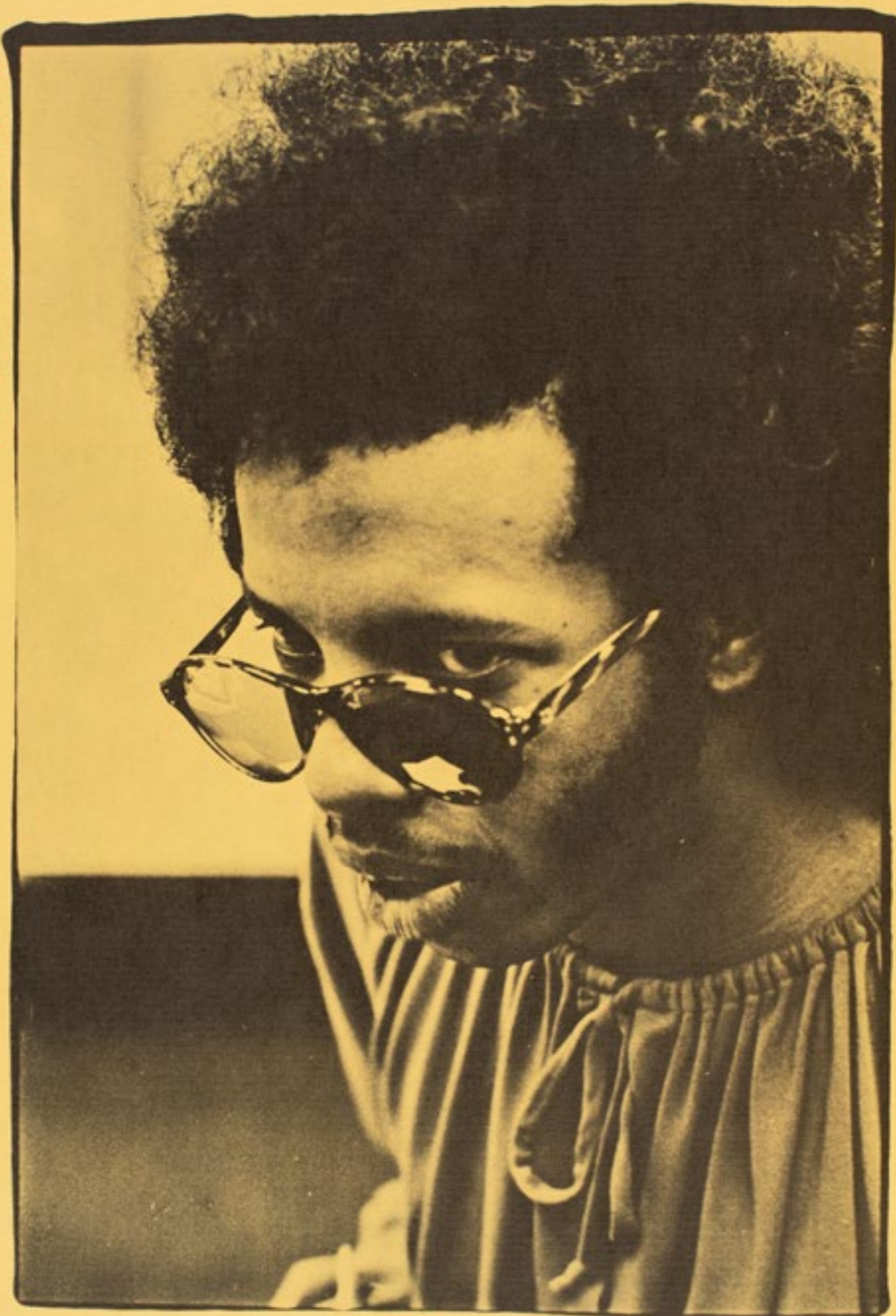
THE BAND

people mates in sweaty stetsons, knotty grit partners or five
Dylan billroots with handlebar rockabilly cereal bowls filled
with Saugities smoke music down in the house in east winter
wool . . . plinkin'



down in a thicket Suzie Q is ballin'
with a stevador while creedence
sounds roll off a levee
got it . . . chug it . . . gurgle it
grit heat parch screamin' and
thumpin' licks from sluggish Miss'ip Mud men.





standing . . . screaming . . . dancing . . . writhing peace
playing music they feel
feeling the music they play; so lend
a mind brother and
dig it!



SWEETWATER

rock aptitude test administrators in
conference for meadow rolling sessions in your head;
uncomplicated reaction innovators . . . Miami
spectaculars.



TEN YEARS AFTER

british Robert Johnson addicts
hooked on a long blues needle-junk lowdrifting
melody attacks your core and lets it lift off
achingly to the end tracks.



your tingtang frenetic friends
turn your face to the wall so
tell it to the municipal haze orchestra;
"punty with the dead" in
reaching frisco tokay atman
the last molecule madness
maybe the final fillmore upanishads . . .

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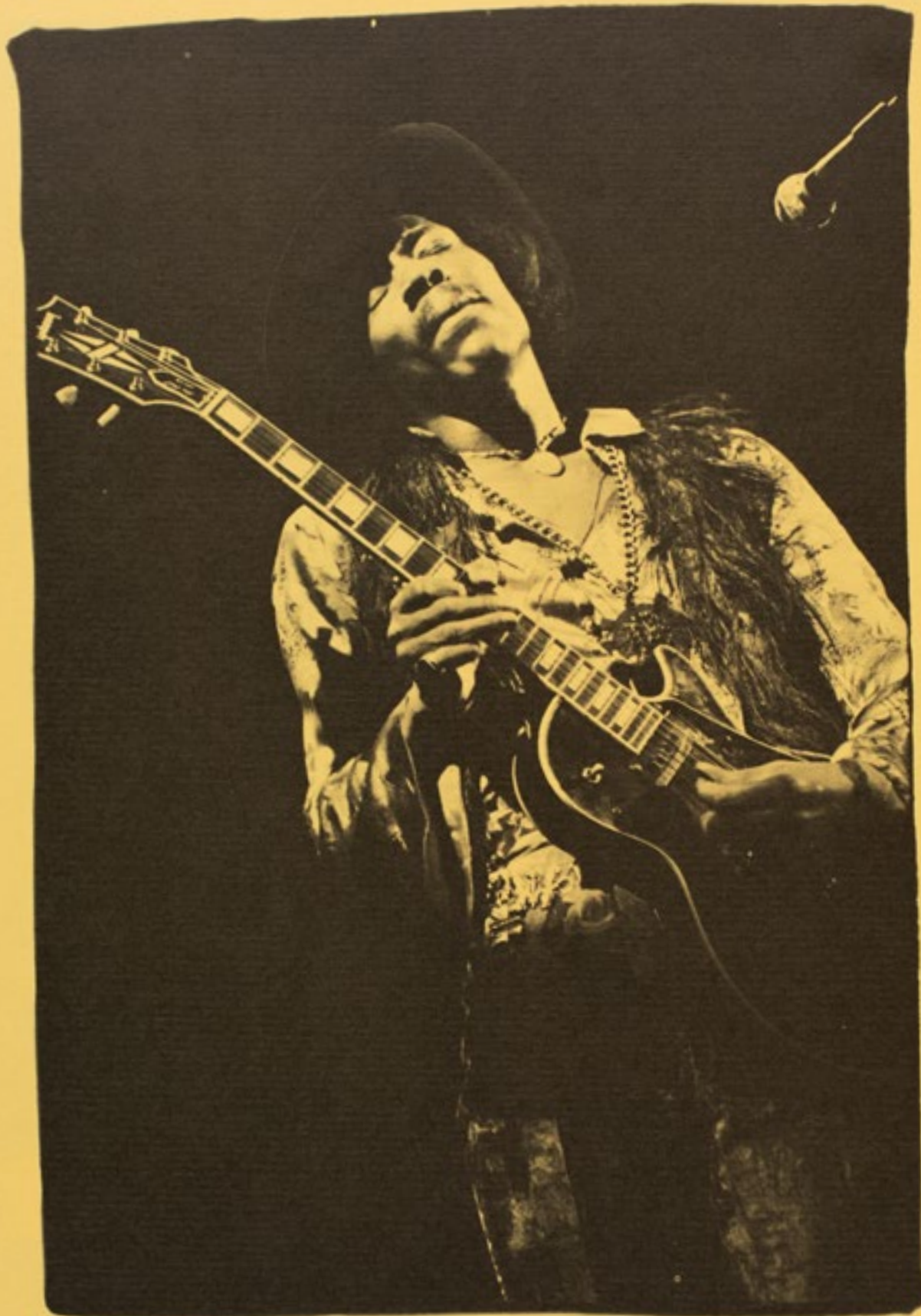
Los Angeles
(213) 392-2813

Some great
white blues men
wanted to
jam with
the cats
they learned the
music from.

A bunch of record
companies said O.K.

**FATHERS
&
SONS**
on Chess





JIMI HENDRIX

"but first are you ymmmm! Foxey Lady!!"
searing fingered virtuoso amp-king
whose experience is the purifying water of
electric pedal triumph; 600 amp
ecclectic exemplar of brain rending

Dustbowl Brooklyn anarchy
pleasantly led to a 95¢ lunch
at an infamous eatout topped
off with cycle pickles grown
in Uncle Sam's 4F victory plo





*if you're not part of the solution,
you're part of the problem.*

— Eldridge Cleaver

*He who isn't busy being born is
busy dying.* — Bob Dylan

Someday real soon we're going to see posters in the post office that say "WANTED FOR CONSPIRACY TO INCITE RIOT" and there smiling out at us will be pictures of our favorite rock groups. Unreal? Well maybe you're not hip to what's been going down lately. The Law and Order apes and this senile dinosaur we call a government have flipped out. Preventive detention, the no-knock clause in the new drug laws, appointment of Burger to the Supreme Court, and the extensive use of wire-tapping by the Justice Department are all part of a wave of repression.

Over 300 Black Panthers are now in jail in a national plot to destroy their organization. White radicals are being arrested. Underground newspapers are being harassed. G.I.'s who speak out are receiving harsh sentences. The police have been unleashed. Last summer in Chicago it was clubs and tear gas; in Berkeley this spring it was shotguns and buckshot.

The hard rain's already falling and it wasn't just the politicians that are getting wet. Read the list: Jimi Hendrix, MC-5, The Who, Phil Ochs, Tim Buckley, Jefferson Airplane, Grateful Dead, Jim Morrison, Creedence Clearwater, The Turtles, Moby Grape, Ray Charles, The Fugs, Dave Van Ronk, Joan Baez—all have been busted recently. Busted because the authorities want to destroy our cultural revolution in the same way they want to destroy our political revolution. Maybe the man can't bust our music but he sure as hell can bust our musicians. If the government wanted to it could bust rock groups on charges of conspiracy to incite riot. Last year Congress passed an anti-riot act which made it illegal to urge people to go to an event at which a riot later occurs. The law makes it illegal to travel from state to state, write letters or telegrams, speak on the radio or television, make a telephone call with the intention of encouraging people to participate in a riot. A riot meaning an act of violence occurring in an assemblage of three or more persons. The people doing the urging never have to commit an act of violence or know the people who do. They never, in fact, have to urge a riot. William Kunstler, famed

constitutional lawyer feels "rock and roll stars and promoters could be prosecuted under this law if violence occurred at a show."

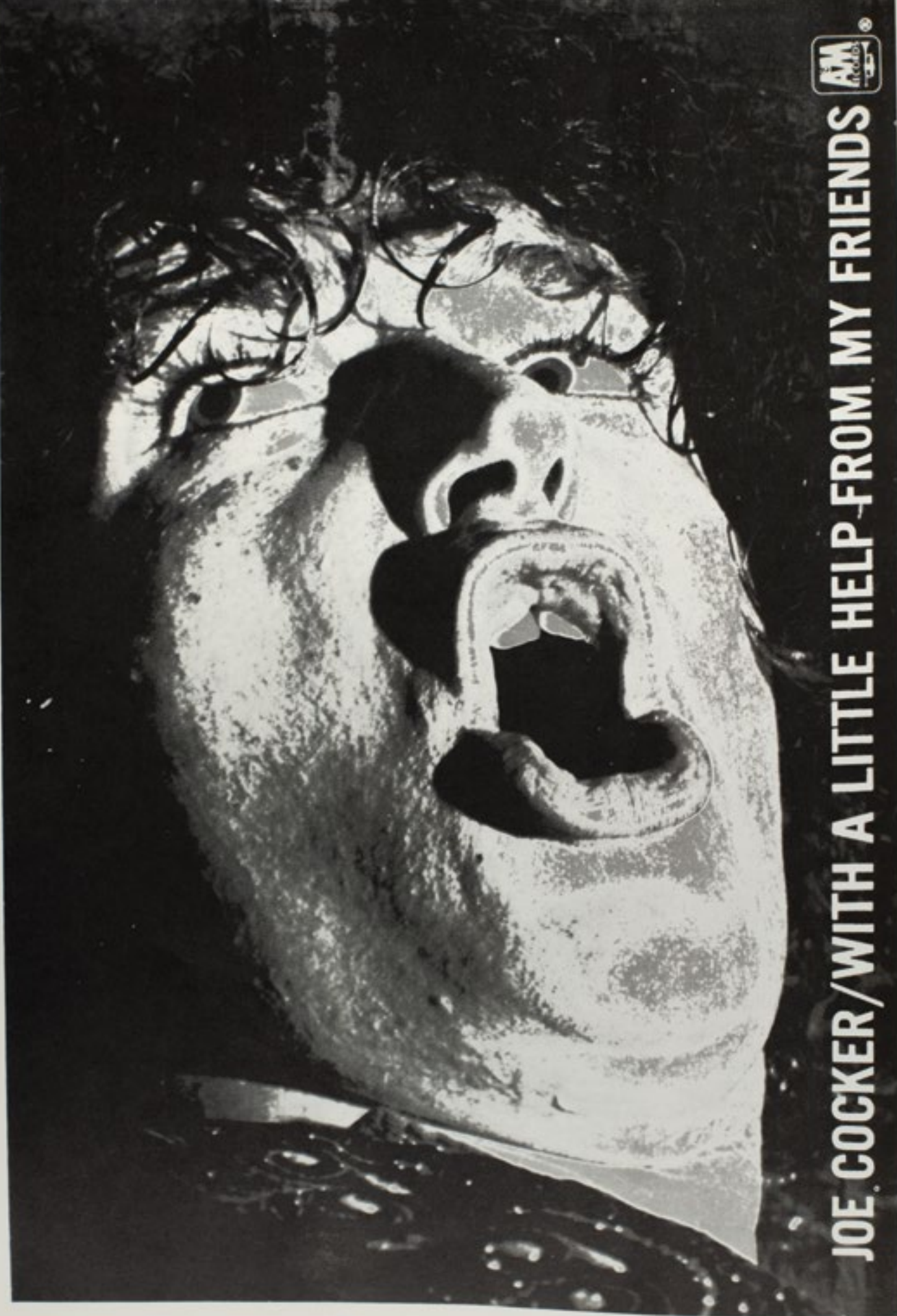
The law is currently being tested in the upcoming trial of eight movement activists: Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger, John Froines, Tom Hayden, Jerry Rubin, Bobby Seale, Lee Weiner, and myself, all participants in the demonstrations last August in Chicago. You remember Chicago where the facade of a democratically run convention was washed down the streets with the blood of young people. The Whole World Was Watching and what it saw was what the official Walker Report later termed a "police riot." Richard Nixon wants to put an end to demonstrations. Mayor Daley wants revenge. They have decided to set an example to anyone who speaks out against the government by putting us in prison for ten years.


None of us are shedding any tears about our upcoming trial. In a sense the indictments are like receiving the academy award for our work. Many of us have already done time in jail. We have been arrested and beaten numerous times, we have lived with the F.B.I. following us and monitoring our phone calls. For us personally the trial is just a part of our activity in the movement. When you get down to it we are guilty of being members of a vast conspiracy. A conspiracy pitted against the war in Vietnam and the government that still perpetuates that war, against the oppression of black communities, against the harassment of our cultural revolution, against an educational

system that seeks only to channel us into a society we see as corrupt and impersonal, against the growing police state, and finally against dehumanizing work roles that a capitalist economic system demands. What we are for quite simply is a total revolution. We are for a society in which the people directly control the decisions that affect their lives. We are for people's power or as one of our brothers in Berkeley put it "soulful socialism." In the past few years our numbers have grown from hundreds to millions of young people. Our conspiracy has grown more militant. Flower children have lost their innocence and grown their thorns. We have recognized that our culture in order to survive must be defended. Furthermore we have realized that the revolution is more than digging rock or turning on. The revolution is about coming together in a struggle for change. It is about the destruction of a system based on bosses and competition and the building of a new community based on people and cooperation. That old system is dying all around us and we joyously come out in the streets to dance on its grave. With our free stores, liberated buildings, communes, people's parks, dope, free bodies and our music, we'll build our society in the vacant lots of the old and we'll do it by any means necessary.

Abbie Hoffman

Abbie is a founder of the Yippies and author of "Revolution for the Hell of it." Visit Movement City at the Festival to rap with the activists about getting your community together. Join the Conspiracy in the streets of Chicago October 8-11. For more information and donations write The Conspiracy, 28 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60604.



JOE COCKER / WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS 

THE PRINCE OF WAILS ON A&M RECORDS



JOE COCKER

Pitchfork sittin' hard back belly achin' mean mouthin' mother with a little help from his heart.

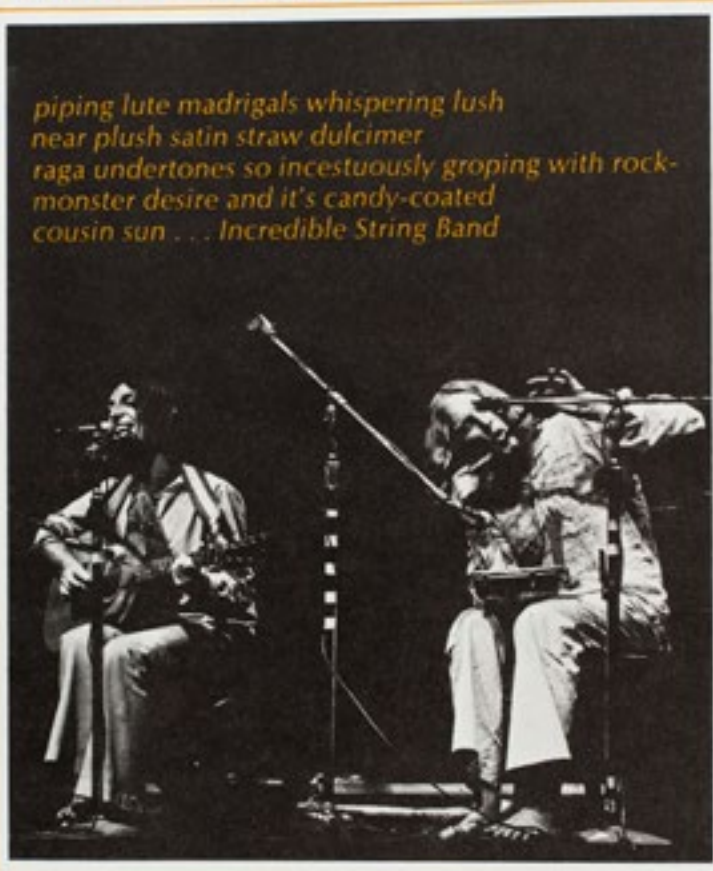


JOHNNY WINTER

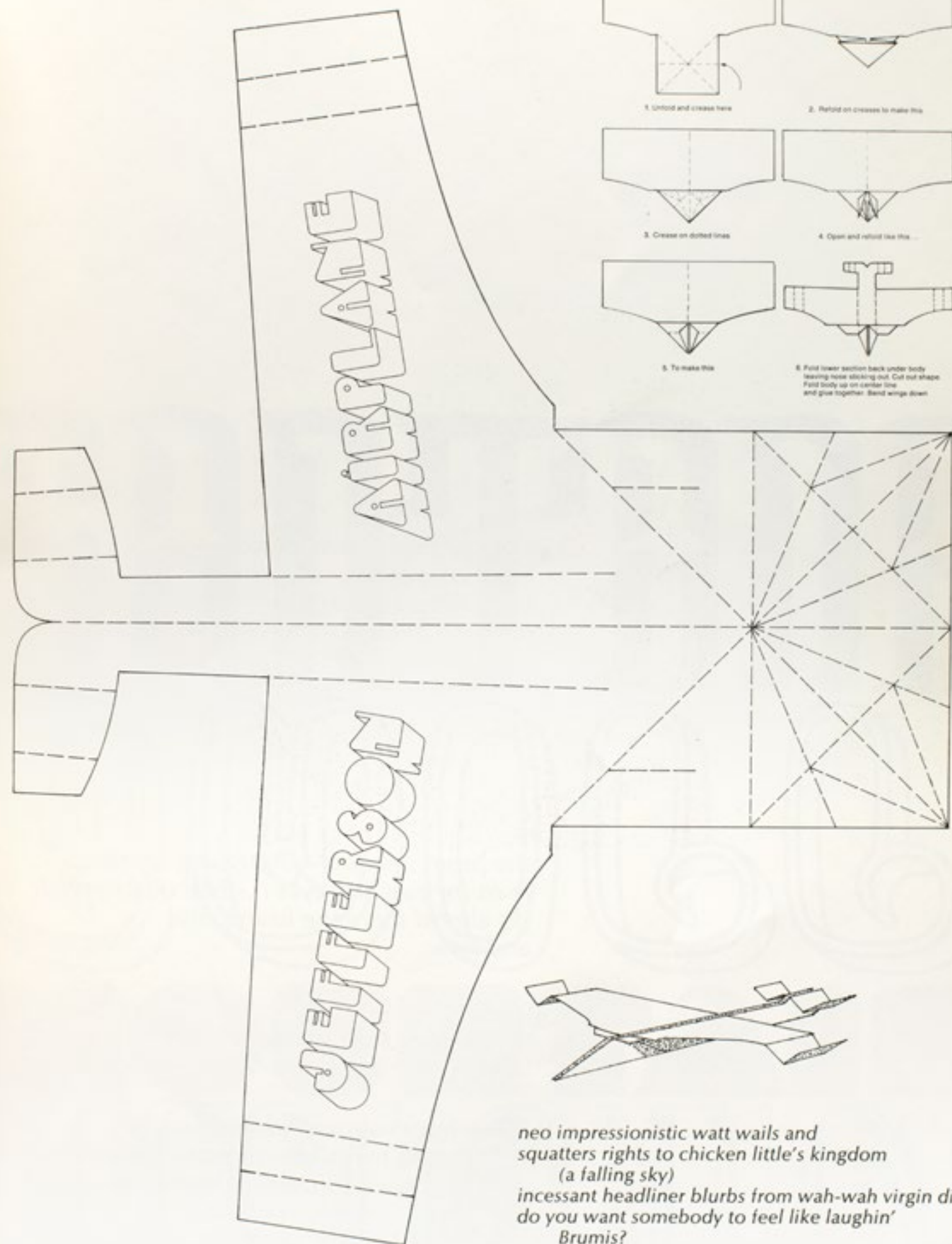
It's no LIFE rap on picayune non-picker bits but crisco stench fried Texas blues and black 3:00 A.M. misery pangs hell manure bruinsoul. Mr. Winter and his locust screech panhandle unsplendorstrings.



piping lute madrigals whispering lush
 near plush satin straw dulcimer
 raga undertones so incestuously groping with rock-
 monster desire and it's candy-coated
 cousin sun . . . Incredible String Band



INCREDIBLE STRING BAND



• *fillmore phenomenon old town
blues purveyors . . .
keyholders to the down home
dirt held in chicken grease for
future mixin' and truckin'.*

• *the promised land—a pleasing sense
feast for ears and eyes (satisfaction starved)
it's almost there the lizards hiss
and now . . .*

• *sensual silken wails and eros tones in fusion with
the misty heat of vagrant breath in
total tonal impact; the rising product . . .*

• *blues-boom-super-bloom band,
progressive mayall fluctual sweat shovelers
awaiting a worddrowning thumping signal
that tokens the debut of the
venomous rag lady program
that creeps up the stairway and moans at the wall.*

SANTANA

GOODBY

MOUNTAIN

KEEF HARTLEY



CONFESSIONS OF A RECORD COMPANY EXEC

by **STAN CORNYN**
 Director of Creative Services
 Warner/Reprise Records

I have not always worked for a record company. Once, during my otherwise uneventful youth, I cherished dreams of becoming something worthwhile and prestigious. Perhaps dictator of a Central American coffee republic.

At some point in my life (as I

recall it, shortly after receiving my Second Class Boy Scout Badge) music seeped subtly into my life, leading me to The Turning Point...

I'd driven my mother's Plymouth down to a dance-hall (we called them that then, lacking, as we did, sophistication) in scenic Newport Beach, California, with the inten-

tion of standing so close to the bandstand on which Stan Kenton would be performing (with his orchestra) that he would perhaps gaze downward and become at least momentarily aware of this kid who lived and breathed Stan Kenton.

As the performance was about to

begin he, Stan Kenton Himself, strode godlike to his position on the stand, managing somehow to step on my hand.

Kenton, godlike, bent down and apologised.

"Sorry," as I recall it, was his exact wording.

"It's an honor," I replied. One who is young and in love usually sounds fairly idiotic.

Which brings us willy-nilly to seven years later, at which time I wrote my first set of liner notes. For a Stan Kenton album, as the stars would have it. All of which is intended to provide some sort of clumsy transition to

Now, in a relatively high-up position in a large and commercially potent record company, I face charges of being greedy and mercenary and tasteless and exploitative and ruthless and all the other stuff someone in a relatively high-up position in a large and commercially potent record company is supposed to be. What's hopefully being gotten to is that

and (3) to sum it up, there seem to be a number of misconceptions blowin' in the wind about what precisely a record company is supposed to do.

What really got me deep into this whole morbid subject was this letter I got from the highly-respected and reportedly nubile rock-critic Ellen Sander in response to my "Flower Child Put-Up or Shut-Up Offer" ad for Randy Newman (to refresh your memories, we offered to give away free at least a thousand of the Randy albums we couldn't sell away). Ellen, you see, was much uptightened by our advertising of everything but what she wrote was the best album we had ever put out: Van Dyke Parks' *Song Cycle*.

Most certainly, I immediately wrote the dear lady. I pointed out that we had spent as much time and money hyping Van's album, which sold nearly not at

receiving what I refer to as "The You Pinch-Penny Establishment Fascist Mongoloid Aged Bastard Look." We get it from artists and record-buyers alike.

There are seven, give or take a few:

1. **THE HYPER-HYPE**
 Sniffles the manager of Tuesday's new "supergroup," "Look, man, this is our first album, man, and what we gotta do, man, is promote the *shit* out of it, man. Are

(1) America's record companies are not populated exclusively by tone-deaf jackasses who are Only In It For The Money—I don't mind being classified as a jackass every once in a while, preferably when I deserve to be so classified, but I do insist that at the very least I be given credit for being a jackass who is in it for the music too;

(2) the relation between moral degeneracy and being a record company executive is not necessarily so high as a few people on *The Outside* seem to believe;

all, as we had hyping the most recent Hendrix album, which sold. What continued to bug me was her thinly-disguised contempt. Like if you're not employed by a record company you've got every reason on earth to consider your own taste, judgment, and sensitivity endlessly superior to anyone who is.

So look. What I've tried to do here is give you some idea of the crap we on the flawed end have to go through. Also, to catalogue some of the bringdown situations, in which we inevitably wind up

you hip? Like big ads in *Rolling Stone* and a triple-deluxe-foldout cover and we put out six singles simultaneously. Can you dig it?"

Quite frankly, I don't, having seen that whole hype pulled a decade back with a new Detroit Sound called the Edsel.

Over-selling is as dopey a tactic as underselling. The late-great Moby Grape got probably the biggest hype in the history of the universe. They couldn't have lived up to all that advance hoopla if they'd come on stage with Christ on guitar and Coltrane on congas.

Those of us who still have some faith in the taste of the American record-buying public cling to a belief that no amount of ads, packaging tricks, posters, or ecstatic press releases are going to make you buy a piece of shit.

It's no fun 'tall listening to sharpie managers, man.

2. THE PSYCHEDELIA SYNDROME

Pseudo-Wes-Wilsonish posters stopped making it at least two years before 7-Up began offering them one for a quarter. And did you really dig Columbia Records informing you, under a picture of several freaks from various minority groups passing around a joint, that "They can't bust our music?" So my usual answer when a new killer underground acid blues rock group asks for mindblowing

psychedelic ads and posters is, "No." Which ungraciousness a lot of them have a difficulty relating to, I admit.

So in Warner/Reprise ads you'll see some cuteness and some preciousness and maybe a whole lot of irony that doesn't make it for you. But you're not going to be patronized. And if we blow anyone's mind it will be through the music we sell, not our ads.

That was a bit of a chest-beating digression. Sorry.

3. UNDERGROUND-PURITY, A DILEMMA OF OUR TIMES
I like the underground press. I like the *La Free Press* and the *Village Voice* and *Fusion* and *Rolling Stone* and occasionally *East Village Other* and a few of the others. What I have difficulty

getting into is the argument that promoting an album through above-ground, let's say "establishment" channels, stigmatizes the whole affair.

Well, it could be.

Like it or not, though, for an album to help us pay our rent it's got to be bought by people on all parts of the ground. But then there's always the chance of someone straight buying a freak's album and subsequently being uplifted to the level of people who make these idiotic distinctions.

4. THE EPIC PRODUCTION SYNDROME

"Well, we've got to release this seven-minute epic as a single, man. It's the only true representation of where we're at."
"No."



her music makes a very meaningful comment in just two areas: life and death. that's all.

Elyse Weinberg.
tetragrammaton records



supercharged 
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RAVI SHANKAR AT WOODSTOCK



The world's master of the sitar is being recorded "live" during his performance at The Woodstock Music & Fine Arts Fair for a new album on World Pacific Records.



Seven-minute singles, with the occasional exception of such silly rubbish as "MacArthur Park," don't get played. And we want our artists to get played, for their sakes as much as our own.

5. THE EPIC PRODUCTION SYNDROME II

Since *Sgt. Pepper* it's pretty much become the vogue to spend eight years and \$60,000 making an album. Which is fine if you're the Beatles or The Who, and what you're making is *Sgt. Pepper* or *Tommy*. If you're not, if you're the new The Group and you think all the nifty things modern recording technology can permit you to do is just "really far-out," chances are what you'll wind up with is a sizeable bill from your record company. Your record company makes a policy of saving all the receipts from the records it releases until they're paid back. Which is sometimes a shame, sometimes not.

The point is, if you expect to make your million recording, cool the costs. Lay off the electronic masturbation, which, as we all know, is bad for the brain and sometimes even makes one sterile.

6. THE NEW DYLAN RUNAROUND

You'd be absolutely astounded to find out how many young acoustic-guitarists-and-singers there were living in the East Village in the mid-'60's who have since found their way to our offices in Burbank to announce their availability should we ever want an artist who'll make the world forget Bob Dylan.

After 176 years in the music biz I've learned a little bit about how to spot someone who's going to be a gas one day.

First, I can't for the life of me figure out where he's at.

Second, after I can, I'm shocked when I realize that I'm getting into somebody who, prior to step two, utterly baffled me.

Like on evening in New York Reprise's big kahuna, Mo Ostin, led the way to The Scene, to hear a new act. And we were all just sitting, waiting, when this tall fellow wandered off the street and onto the floor. Opened a shopping bag, pulled out a uke. Sang real weird.

I couldn't figure out where he was at. Ostin signed him.

It worked out well, especially when the still little known Mr. Tim later came to a Christmas buffet at my house and perplexed all the company wives whose hipness fell a little short of Buddy Greco.

Enough digression. A new Dylan we don't need. Someone you can say "I can't quite put my finger on" . . . that's more like it.

AND FINALLY, 7. THE UNAPPRECIATED ART SHUCK.

My most considerate (and still unsolicited) piece of advice to record artists is to stop commiserating with themselves.

Other than for his own musical talents, Van Dyke Parks earns my admiration for the fact that he was the person who first taught me to turn on. But I have a beef with Van.

His first remarkable album is still somewhat the commercial dud it was when I advertized it under the heading "How We Lost \$38,509 On The Album Of The Year." Van is, I gather discouraged. About a year-and-a-half later, and he's still not gone into the recording studio to cut his next album.

Which personally pisses me off because I'd like to hear the next LP. If you're an artist, it's all right with me if you cut off your ear because you're not appreciated, but why stop painting?

Anyway, so much for my catalogue of situations. The tone of this manifesto, as if you hadn't noticed by now, is pretty defensive.

With at least some reason, I propose.

This is a rough business, you know (blah blah). The record company has to create a separate advertising, merchandising, packaging, and promotional identity for its every album. Quaker Oats gets by doing that once a decade. We have to do it 150 times a year, putting out, as we do, that number of new albums annually. Under which circumstances it shouldn't be all that surprising that some albums and artists get missed, passed over, neglected, and forgotten. (Some of whom, of course, deserve to be, but don't ask which ones.)

Part of that neglect lies with the consumer, Ellen. Like if enough people had demanded *Song Cycle* it wouldn't have disappeared from the marketplace, right?

But they didn't.

So what we in record company-land do, we who have made a \$30,000-plus gamble on Van's album and lost, is move ahead with stiff upper lips, trying not to take ourselves too seriously lest dread uptightness set in.

Recently this somewhat *con brio* nonchalance has plagued us at Warner. We have, trying to shake it, entered into a cooperative effort with our artists in a break-even series of albums called *Songbook* and *Record Show: Son Of Songbook* in an attempt to break through the glut of new stuff on the airwaves and in the racks. Such plays as these non-profit ventures show, we hope, that our hearts are not always locked up in the Accounting Department.

Such efforts, too, are directed toward one end that I find unsalable: getting our good stuff a chance to be heard.

Getting a chance to be heard isn't always easy, so thanks for listening. And enjoy the festival.

Cheers,
—Stan Cornyn



JOAN BAEZ

Just Released! "David's Album" Vanguard 

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LOVE

"Once you become aware of this force for unity in life, you can't ever forget it. It becomes part of everything you do. In that respect, this is an extension of A LOVE SUPREME since my conception of that force keeps changing shape. My goal in meditating on this through music, however, remains the same. And that is to uplift people, as much as I can. To inspire them to realize more and more of their capacities for living meaningful lives. Because there certainly is meaning to life."

I told my brother and my wife once,
the first time we all took acid, sitting out in the car
in front of 4825, and before we took the trip by car
all the way to Chicago to hear Trane
still full of the acid, that we would see the day
after the post-Western revolution
when the language would work again
strictly as a function of the body, its
glow & gesture, that after enough of us had eaten the acid
we could then speak through our cells
as our cells, that the language would be stripped
of all negative force, and the new poetry
would burn itself down

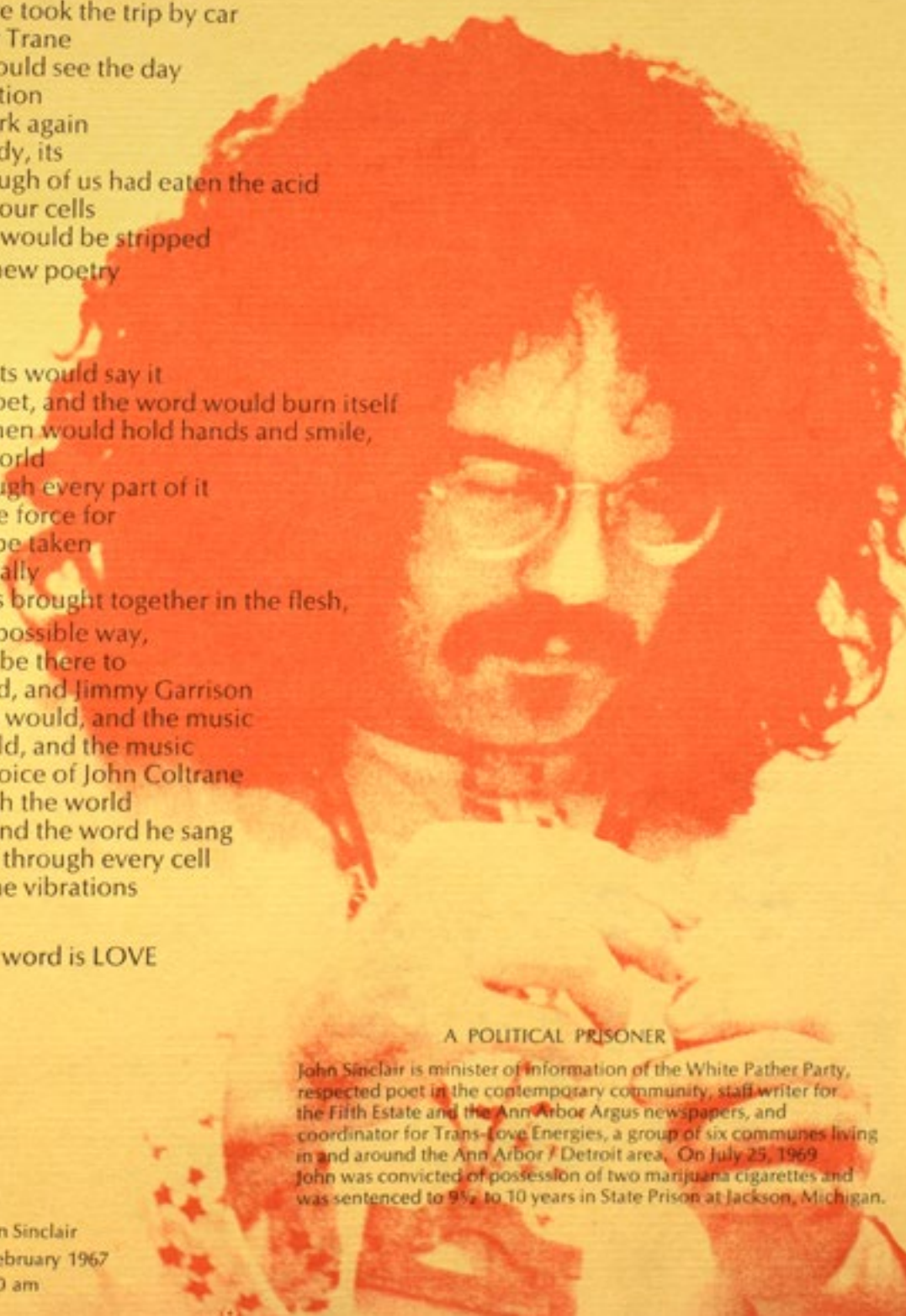
to just one word, and the poets would say it
and every body would be a poet, and the word would burn itself
into every body's meat, and men would hold hands and smile,
and the word would fill the world
vibrating through it, and through every part of it
merging all men into ONE, the force for
unity in life, and that ONE to be taken
the only way possible, in a totally
post-Western sense, all senses brought together in the flesh,
and the world seen only one possible way,
AS IT IS, and the word would be there to
speak for us, and for the world, and Jimmy Garrison
would be playing bass, yes he would, and the music
would move through the world, and the music
would BE the word, and the voice of John Coltrane
would speak the word through the world
through the bell of his horn, and the word he sang
would pass through our eyes, through every cell
of our lovely meat, and yes, the vibrations
would BE the world

and the word is LOVE

Yes it is
The Word is LOVE
And it is here on earth
Yes it is
And the World is LOVE
Yes it is

Oh brothers, Yes it is

John Sinclair
9 February 1967
7:40 am



A POLITICAL PRISONER

John Sinclair is minister of information of the White Pather Party, respected poet in the contemporary community, staff writer for the Fifth Estate and the Ann Arbor Argus newspapers, and coordinator for Trans-Love Energies, a group of six communes living in and around the Ann Arbor / Detroit area. On July 25, 1969 John was convicted of possession of two marijuana cigarettes and was sentenced to 9 1/2 to 10 years in State Prison at Jackson, Michigan.



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ARLO GUTHRIE
TIM HARDIN
RICHIE HAVENS
INCREDIBLE STRING BAND
RAVI SHANKAR
BERT SOMMER
SWEETWATER
JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

saturday, august 16th

CANNED HEAT
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL
GRATEFUL DEAD
KEEF HARTLEY
JANIS JOPLIN
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
MOUNTAIN
QUILL
SANTANA BLUES BAND
SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE
THE WHO
JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

sunday, august 17th

THE BAND
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS
JOE COCKER
COUNTRY JOE & THE FISH
CROSBY, STILLS and NASH
JIMI HENDRIX
IRON BUTTERFLY
SHANANA
TEN YEARS AFTER
JOHNNY WINTER
JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW

WOODSTOCK VENTURES, INC.

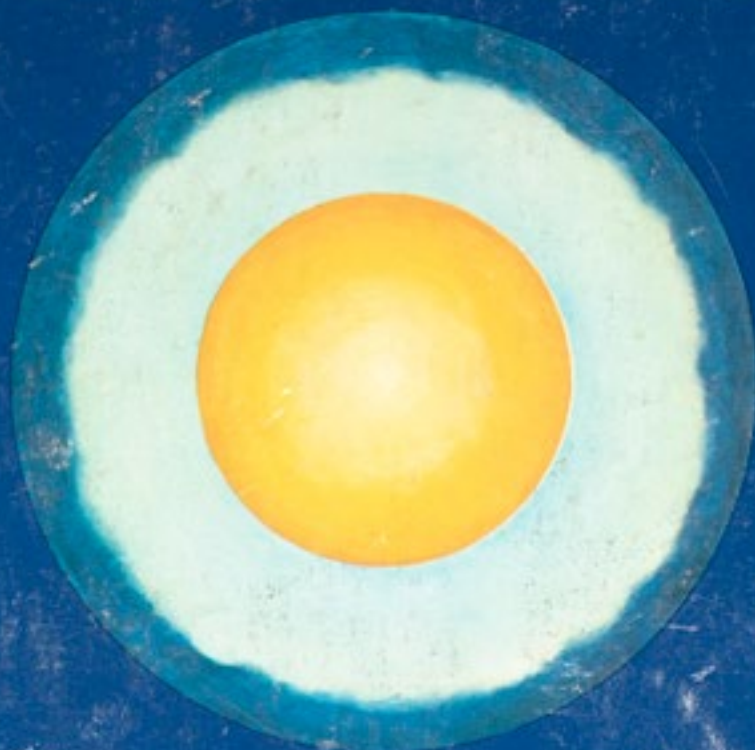


WOODSTOCK MUSIC AND ART FAIR

| | |
|-------------------|--|
| MICHAEL LANG | executive producer |
| JOHN ROBERTS | administration |
| ARTIE KORNFELD | publicity |
| JOEL ROSENMAN | administration |
| CHRIS LANGHART | technical director & contributing designer |
| MEL LAWRENCE | chief of operations |
| WES POMEROY | chief of security |
| CHIP MONCK | production supervisor & stag lighting |
| JOHN MORRIS | director of production area |
| JAY DREVORS | production & technical director |
| STEVE COHEN | production stage manager & contributing designer |
| PAUL HANSON | contributing designer |
| STAN GOLDSTEIN | camp site co-ordinator |
| BILL HANLEY | sound systems |
| DON GANOUNG | community relations |
| SALVATORE SCALTRO | promotion |
| CONCERT HALL | advertising |
| WARTOK | public relations |
| KEITH O'CONNOR | assistant ticketing operations |
| RENEE LEVINE | accountant and spiritual advisor |
| GIZZY BITROS | trouble-shooter |
| JOYCE MITCHELL | production administrator |
| PETER GOODRICH | concessions |
| JIM MITCHELL | purchasing agent |
| TICIA BERNUTH | production aide |
| CAROL SHLIFER | trouble-shooter |
| KIMBERLY BRIGHT | spiritual advisor |
| PAUL MARSHALL | attorney |
| MARTIN CRAMER | attorney |
| JUDY GRAD | attorney |
| LAURA L'HOMMEDIEU | ticketing |
| ROGER WALKER | ticketing |

PROGRAM BOOK

| | |
|-------------------|--|
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"JOY AND RELIEF MAKE THEMSELVES FELT. SO, TOO, MUSIC HAS POWER TO EASE TENSION WITHIN THE HEART AND TO LOOSEN THE GRIP OF OBSCURE EMOTIONS. THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE HEART EXPRESS ITSELF INVOLUNTARILY IN A BURST OF SONG, IN DANCE, AND RHYTHMIC MOVEMENT OF THE BODY. FROM IMMEMORIAL TIMES THE INSPIRING EFFECT OF THE INVISIBLE SOUND THAT MOVES ALL HEARTS AND DRAWS THEM TOGETHER HAS MYSTIFIED MANKIND."

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